

SKETCHES OF SAN DIEGO.

AN ENTERTAINING LETTER FROM
JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

San Diego a Living Competitor with Her
Fellow Cities of the California Valleys
for the Prizes of the Future—Notes of
a Recent Trip.

[Special Correspondence.]
New York, July 2.—The traveler approaching San Diego from the north traverses a country somewhat different from that to be seen elsewhere on the Pacific coast. The lowlands as you approach the city grow green with pastures; and, though the scene has not a familiar aspect, there is something analogous in it to what one might see in Pennsylvania or Kentucky. Occasionally the train passes between rounded heights that rise on either side and are green to the summit. Here I noticed small herds of cattle, of good breeds, helping themselves to rich pastures. There is also a more plentiful distribution of water on the surface, a running stream here and there or a pond that a Californian might dignify by the name of lake. In these low parts there is everywhere an abundance of water fowl. As the train passes they skim out on the surface at a right angle, and leave an agitation on the water like a rippling barrow drawn by the bird. We shoot at them now and then, a sport which is, doubtless, more amusing to the ducks than to ourselves.

It is well toward nightfall when our train approaches San Diego. There is a little flurry of preparation, a little excitement for a view of the ocean on our right, and here we are. The greater number are expected at the Hotel St. James, but a few of us take the ferry, cross the bay and make with all speed for the famous Del Coronado. Time is not for anything to-night, except to provide for the morrow's comfort and pleasure.

Those of us who crossed the harbor, to spend the night on the Coronado beach, were astonished on entering our rooms at the hotel to hear a sort of thunder and roar, as if a battle and rain storm had combined their energies outside. Up with the window, and here it is. The Pacific lies below, tumbling and roaring against the very battlements of the hotel. All night long the sublime symphony goes on and on, as it has done for infinite ages, even before the epoch of man. Welcome to its roar! Welcome to its majestic thunder, its rhythm of the surf and its perpetual beating on the shore! It is the throb of the sunny sea, the polyphonic Thetis of the Aegean, the roar of the old gods, the spirit of the Hellenic bards of old times the pulse beat and music of their sounding hexameter.

With the morning light we are all striven on both sides of the bay to see what things soever San Diego has to offer. The writer in early morning took the street cars and ascended to the highland north of the city, from which a fine view can be had of all below. The car that carried him up to the summit was propelled by electricity. Even so it is that we have lived so long and journeyed from the older states of the Union, deep rooted by time and development and boasting much of the accumulation of the progressive forces of society, to this far southwest and extreme verge of our country to what was an old Spanish town, to take our first ride in an electric car.

San Diego is a living competitor with her fellow cities of the California valleys for the prizes of the future. I had expected, however, to see a better equivoque to Los Angeles in population and enterprise than San Diego is able to present. The Queen of the Angels has fully three times as many people, according to my estimate; and the southern city will have to travel far before she comes up with her rival. Nevertheless, many things may be truthfully said of the victor recently displayed in the development of the city of the south; and to the efforts which her citizens are putting forth to raise her rank and influence must be added the ever memorable fact of her magnificent harbor.

I have already remarked upon the scarcity of havens along the Pacific coast, and have said something as to the relative merits of the bay of San Diego and that of San Francisco. I repeat that the former is for its extent as fine and safe a sheet of water as may be found on the shore of any ocean. While we were in the city, one of the government ironclads came to anchor at the pier, and the heaviest ship on any sea might do the same. Besides, the bay, though not of the largest dimensions, is sufficiently capacious. If Los Angeles should be arrogant in her boasting, San Diego may well respond by showing a map of her splendid harbor.

Only a few years ago this Coronado beach was merely a low plain of sand. Nothing could be less promising in its natural aspect than this desert beach. But the shrewd eye of enterprise saw the possibilities of the situation; the peninsula is already reclaimed; palm trees are here; a park is there; flowers are blooming in the new made lawns; and yonder rises one of the finest hotels in America. It is not yet completed at the time of our visit, but is sufficiently advanced to receive some hundred or two of guests. The structure is of wood. The building is a great quadrangle, including, within, the largest hotel court between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The court is a sward crossed with stone walks and having a fine fountain in the center. The most fragrant flowers and beautiful shrubs are planted here and there; and the air brings to the senses of the guest the sweet perfume of early or perennial blossoms. The marvels of the hotel are the magnificent court, the ample theater in one part of the structure, and the beautiful dining hall not yet finished. The latter will be one of the most elegant in the country. It is a parabola in shape and finished throughout in redwood; whether of the sequoia scupper vines or of cedar, I am not certain. The Hotel Del Coronado as a whole is worthy to take equal rank with two others in California—the Del Monte, of Monterey, and the Raymond, of Pasadena. These three constitute a group by themselves, and above them is seen only the Palace of San Francisco.

A walk of a few minutes from the north steps of the Del Coronado brings us to an ostrich farm. Why the word farm is applied to it I hardly know. It has a comparatively small area of ground, perhaps an acre. It is bounded with a close fence, high enough to prevent the escape of the ostriches. Of these there are thirteen, in a sort of corral, inside the inclosure. Their three pronged, grotesque feet have beaten every sign of vegetation from the arena; and they have the pleasure of sauntering about over the sand as in their native desert. Some of these solemn creatures are black as to their wing feathers and tail, others a kind of saffron color, and both varied with patches of white. Some parts of their bodies present only a surface of wrinkled skin. The beak is rather useful than aggressive in its construction, and the eye is the most strangely introspective organ that I ever saw in bird or beast. It suggests to you that the possessor has been studying into the mysteries of Buddhism, and

expects, in due course of time, to enter into Nirvana.

A male ostrich of good development can reach over a large horse and get an orange out of the stump on the other side. Having done so, he swallows it whole; and you can see the globe majestically and slowly descending the gullet. Doubtless the ostrich has a longer taste than any other living creature, excepting the giraffe. He will swallow five or six such trifles as oranges one after another, and you can see the protruding knots in his long and twisted esophagus as they gradually work their way down stairs. He could perform several curves of a minute before the last disappears from sight. What is an ostrich farm for? It is for the production of ostriches. And what are the ostriches for? They are for the production of feathers, and the feathers are for sale. Your vigorous well grown ostrich may be plucked every six months, and the less thrifty birds every eight or nine months. The yield of feathers from each is from one to one and a half pounds, and the farmer receives for his product from \$40 to \$60 a pound. An extra bird sometimes yields \$100 worth of feathers at a time. When the plucking season arrives the birds are harnessed up in a narrow stall and carefully blindfolded for fear the officiating clergyman may be kicked through the fence. The ostrich becomes exceedingly angry with the pulling of his feathers, and his kick is one of the most swift and dangerous reactions ever excited among the muscles and tendons of animated nature. When the bird is angry he lifts his wings, throws forward his head somewhat, and utters a sort of hiss, which he bites off with a snap of his bill. About this time look out for action.

After our visit to the ostrich farm we made our way down to the beach and spent some hours on the shore of the Pacific. Here, for the first time in my life, I had an opportunity to study and compare this majestic water with the other seas and oceans. One might as well suppose that an ocean is an ocean, without its characteristic features; that one is as the other; but not so. The ocean is glorious in its individuality as in its strength and grandeur. In the first place, the shore has an ever varying condition. The Pacific coast is totally different from that of the Atlantic, in that it is almost everywhere precipitous, broken off square down to the deep. Sometimes the precipice is hundreds of feet in height. Sometimes the square wall, which is thus far of the surf, is long and low; but rarely do we have the gentle sloping beach peculiar to the Atlantic shores. If you stand upon the precipice of the Pacific and look down to the surf you shall find almost everywhere a quarter or a half mile of shingle, which is the debatable ground alternately covered and uncovered by the tide. At high tide the ocean roars against the foot of the precipice, and no beach is seen; but at low tide the surf line is out at a considerable distance, and thousands of people may gather down there on the strand between the ocean wall and the break of the sea. Such is the general aspect of all those parts of the Pacific coast which I have visited.

The next fact is that of the greater grandeur of the Pacific as to the visual expanse, the length and height of the billows and the majesty of the ocean symphony. I do not know how it is that the Pacific can suggest its extent and almightiness to the beholder on the shore; it may be his own knowledge that infinity is before him; but the scene does inform him, in some way, that the infinite is there. The incoming billows, even when the sea is most calm, are, according to my estimate, from ten to twenty feet in perpendicular height. Each wave stretches laterally for miles and miles.

The ocean rhythm has its mathematical and musical succession. It has its mighty poetical feet. It has an anapest or a dactyl, an amphibrach or a molossus, according to the mood of the spirit that broods upon the waters. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O sea; But the tender grace of the day that is dead Will never come back to me.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

A Supposed Ostrichman Proved to Be a
Pure White Man.

[Special Correspondence.]

CARTERSVILLE, Ga., July 2.—John Taylor of this place could never pose for the hero in Calcutta's "Un-Honorable Sans Une Histoire." He claims to be a son of President Zachary Taylor, to have been taken into Kentucky by his father's orders and subsequently to have served in the Mexican war. Although as white as his master Taylor was brought up among the mulattoes on the plantation of William R. Johnson, a great Kentucky horse man in those days (and always supposed himself to be possessed of a slight taint of negro blood); but after the death of Gen. Taylor in 1850 the secret leaked out that his mother was a young Spanish creole, who had died a year after his birth. He had then been married to a mulatto about six weeks.

Near the close of the rebellion he had accumulated a fortune of \$80,000 which was invested in tobacco, when the bombardment of Atlanta occurred. It was then that the Federal soldiery, armed with an order from headquarters to search certain warehouses of tobacco in the suburbs, broke open and confiscated the entire contents of Taylor's barn and left him almost penniless. A tobacco warehouse was of great value at that period. Taylor happily recollected his services, bought for a song a shaving palace on Decatur street, Atlanta, and commenced to make money. He had the entire, as it were, into military circles, and had for regular customers at various times Gen. Sherman, Slocum, Cobb, Judah, Johnson, Stevenson, "Bob" Toombs, Ben Hill and Alexander H. Stephens. His shop was the rendezvous for military characters of all shades of distinction from sutler's boy to the commanding general himself. In addition to this "Major" Taylor, as he was called, carried on a huge boarding and gambling house.

Soon after a terrible order was issued which forced Taylor to go south and be shot for a rebel, or go north and be under Federal protection. There was no time to think; he was obliged to make an immediate exodus. He tried frantically but in vain, he told me as I sat in his shop at Cartersville the other day, to sell for a dollar and a quarter a mass plate mirror, which had cost him nearly fifty dollars. He was offered ten in gold for his house and shaving palace with fixtures. He fled to Chattanooga and engaged himself to Gen. Steadman as a body servant. In the summer of 1893 he came to Cartersville and is now unobserved in a little 12x14 shop, shaving the beards of his occasional patrons, and ruminating on the past. He has never since set foot in Atlanta and says he never will. The man's appearance is striking and his resemblance to old "Rough and Ready" is pronounced.

Taylor is now in his 60th year.

B. H. WILSON.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

SOME INTERESTING POINTS ABOUT
THE RICH LORILLARDS.

A Romance of Which the Hurrying World
Knows Nothing—The Terribly Hot
Weather of June in the Big Overgrown
Metropolis.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, July 2.—An old New Yorker—a great grandmother in Israel, whose memory goes back to the time when dugouts were used as ferry boats on our rivers, Canal street was covered by a bridge and the boys bobbed for eels along its muddy banks; when on the site of the Fifth Avenue hotel stood a country road house, and Central park was a long drive beyond the city limits—said to me the other day while passing one of the immense establishments of the Lorillards: "Who would have thought that snuff bought it?"

"Yes," she continued, "a little more than a century ago the first Lorillards came to New York, poor, uneducated and unknown. The head of the family kept a little shop in the neighborhood of Peck slip and Water street, and there the first American snuff was made in a Dutch coffee mill, held on the lap by one hand while a female member of the household turned the crank with the other. This was the germ of the vast enterprises that have succeeded; and, in the same manner that the brand of a favorite cigarette is nowadays the passport to its popularity, 'Lorillard's snuff' became famous among the old stock of people whose nasal bliss depended upon its seductive titillation. The family made a prime article, undersold the importers, whose goods were subject to heavy duties, and soon reaped a rich harvest. Close attention to the shop, a frugal manner of living, a severe but superfluous apartments and a careful husbanding of the small coin, soon enabled the old people to enlarge their quarters, purchase some real estate and send the children to school. John Jacob Astor was plodding along in a similar field, not far from the same neighborhood."

"Old Peter" Lorillard, as he was called to designate him from his son and namesake, although penurious, was in his day considered unerring authority on the subject of investments. "Young Peter," however, was not so parsimonious, but even when advanced in years, perhaps as a matter of habit as well as in deference to the teachings of his father, lived plainly and indulged in but few luxuries.

It was intended that the grandson should bear the family name, but the world by this time had grown too refined for "society" to tolerate the honest old sound of "Peter," and so they changed it into French, and the boy was dubbed "Pierre." But with it came another change. In Pierre all trace of penuriousness disappeared from the Lorillard family. He lived like a prince. Money to him was something to spend, not to hoard. He kept fast horses, helped the poor, hated cheats and cheating, was generous to the extent of prodigality; would leave \$5 in a haberdashery where twenty-five cents would have sufficed, and in numerous ways illustrated the fact that he carried a big heart on the right side of his shirt buttons. And everybody liked him.

It is estimated that the family estate is now worth upwards of one hundred millions of dollars; the income from the tobacco business alone amounting to several millions of dollars annually. Turning from the palatial residences of the family today to the humble little shop, meagerly furnished and swarming with children, all embryo millionaires, what a contrast! Then, while

Others talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff, Peter shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

Now, it is only necessary for one of Peter's descendants to take snuff and the rest of the beau monde kneels. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

I have private information of a little semitragedy, of which the general public will never know. In the upper room of a handsome house in Madison avenue a girl lives behind bolts and bars. She cannot be permitted to leave the house because she is bent on following an actor about the city. He is, of course, one of the beauty men of the profession and very much married—I forget how often.

With this gentleman the girl, a delicate young lady with no evil propensities, is romantically infatuated. She is only desirous of feasting her eyes upon him, and has created a sensation at the theater several times by her long drawn sighs. If anything of an unpleasant nature happens to be in his role she faints. All this might not necessitate locking her up, but she will follow him about to restaurants and sit where she can see him and trot at his heels up Broadway, and she has interviewed his hair dresser and besought "a little snip" of his curly hair.

All this is ludicrous to us, but fancy one's own daughter so exhibiting herself. As soon as possible she will be taken to Europe, though she has threatened to drown herself on the way.

Her mother, a sensible and charming woman, is in despair. An anonymous letter, said to be written by the actor himself, first revealed the facts of the girl's conduct to her parents. There are many school girls who know all the actors by sight and flirt with them outrageously, but this is the most desperate case on record.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

June has passed, and if the latter portion of it is to be considered a prognostication of what the summer will be, God save the poor who are crowded together in tenements which go to swell the death rate in extremes of weather. For several days during the heated term the signal man on top of the Equitable building predicted a cold wave from the west. Every day it grew hotter. There is something irritating in passing a thermometer marking 101 degs. in the shade, and having some government official a hundred and fifty feet in the air, with delightful breezes floating past him, insisting that the highest record for the day was only 98 degs.

The death rate increased seriously during the hot week, and when we consider that those who inhabit the better class of dwellings were out of town, and the figures are made largely from the poorer classes, we may imagine possibly the sufferings of those who live in the tenements. The unequal division of wealth and its consequent, at least apparent, injustice, is evident from the fact that during the hot week people were dying in the overcrowded tenements, while hundreds of residences were shut up empty, their owners being in the country.

Those New Yorkers who can do so mostly go to the New England coast. The Long Island and New Jersey coasts are plagued with mosquitoes, while in Massachusetts and New Hampshire there is an absence of this pestiferous insect, and a more northerly, cooler climate. Still Long Branch on the southwest and the Long Island beaches on the northeast claim a large number of New Yorkers. The Adirondacks is the favorite among those who prefer inland and highland regions.

F. A. MITCHELL.

A SWISS SCHUETZENFEST.

Our Correspondent Visits a Prize Target Shooting.

[Special Correspondence.]
INTERLAKEN, Switzerland, June 12.—There is perhaps no people, if we except the Tyrolese, so passionately fond of the practice of target shooting as the hardy, enterprising and liberty loving Swiss nation. The best proof for this assertion is found in the numerous schuetzenfests that annually occur in various parts of this model European republic. Of these there are chiefly two kinds—national schuetzenfests and cantonal target shootings. (The name of the latter is derived from the word canton, which is the official term for the individual states or districts composing Switzerland.)

A schuetzenfest is a very interesting sight and presents to those who have never witnessed



THE LAST CARTRIDGE.

nosed one many new and striking features. It is an occasion of much importance for those people, and ranks with them as high as in America the national game of baseball, though there is this radical difference between the two—that in the former the victors are not crews but individuals. It is, therefore, not so complicated and prone to provoke dissension and animosity as is often the case with baseball. Another important difference lies in the fact that there are no salaried professionals, but every man acts purely as an individual, yet, if he achieves victory, the credit of it is also reflected upon the community or district to which he belongs. Great is the pride of the particular canton, city or village which counts among its denizens the schuetzenkönig of the year—that is, the man who on such a target shooting has excelled all his competitors.

There is not a village of any size that does not have a target shooting club, which often numbers its members by the hundreds, many of them, old gray haired men, but with eye undimmed and their love for the sport not in the least abated. They usually have uniforms in which green plays an important part. Their rifles, of course, vary in style and quality, according to the circumstances of the owner, but it frequently happens that the schuetzenkönig proves to be the proprietor of a shabby, old fashioned shooting iron, which, however, in his steady hands and with his eagle eye, has distanced all the more stylish and pretentious looking rifles of his fellow contestants.

There are always prizes put up for the successful shooters. These prizes consist sometimes of medals, silver cups or similar articles, but mostly of money, often in very considerable amounts, so that besides the desire for fame and distinction, the prospect of a handsome purse of money acts as a powerful stimulus on the contestants to do their best. When I last visited one of the schuetzenfests, at which the chief prize was 500 francs (\$100), I particularly noticed an old man who had done remarkably well, in fact so well that the final contest for the first prize had narrowed down to three competitors, of which he was one. Each was to have three more shots. Carefully and deliberately he selected three cartridges for his repeating rifle and then coolly and without the slightest agitation he fired his three shots in succession. The result was very gratifying, but he had no more rivals, and everybody waited almost with bated breath until the matter was decided. The man that followed him came within three points of him, out of a hundred, but a miss was as good as a mile. Then came the other. His first shot was a bull's eye. That looked bad for the old man, and I turned to look at him. His face showed no trace of emotion, he knew there were two shots yet to be fired, which might not turn out as well as the first. The report of the second shot rang out upon the still and another bull's eye was scored. Still the old man's face looked as imperturbable as ever. Then the last shot—pretty good one, but the three reckoned together just amounted to one point less than the old man's score. The latter was schuetzenkönig for another year, he having held that dignity, as I afterwards learned, for five consecutive years. You should have heard the cheering that ensued as the result was made known to the large assemblage. Everybody crowded around and congratulated him, for he seemed to be a great favorite. He took it very quietly and modestly, yet you could see that he was gratified.

Then ensued a period of great hilarity. The large garden restaurants of the town were filled to overflowing and the numerous pretty kellermaiden (waiter girls) were kept more than busy in providing the guests with wine and beer and other things. It was not long until from every direction you could hear the sounds of instrumental music or patriotic songs by improvised choirs. It seemed as though a spirit of merriment had seized the whole town, which in a general way was also a fact. Yet amidst all this turmoil of merry-making a regard for decorum and the rights of others was everywhere observed. It showed the people understood the difficult art of enjoying themselves with proper moderation. This was my experience at a Swiss schuetzenfest.

JOSEPH SOHM.

Gladiators of Old Rome.

It is not to be denied that it was a splendid sight when a hundred of the gladiators, who were to play the "first act," so to speak, they were a mere fraction of the performers to be exhibited, came marching in two by two. They were armed mostly as soldiers, but with more of ornament and with greater splendor. Their helmets were of various shapes, but each had a broad brim and a visor consisting of four plates, the upper two being pierced to allow the wearer to see through them. On the top, also, there was what one might liken to the comb of a cock, and fastened to this, a plume of horsehair dyed crimson, or of crimson feathers.

Some were called "Samnites," the name of an Italian tribe that once nearly brought Rome to her knees. These carried a short sword and a large oblong shield; others were armed as Thracians or as Greeks. Others again, were distinguished by the symbol of a fish upon their helmets. But the most curious of all were those called "netmen," who were equipped with a net in which to entangle their antagonists; having so disabled him, the netman takes him with a throe pronged trident. These have no helmets and are equipped as lightly as possible, for if they miss their cost they have no hope of safety but in their swiftness of foot.—St. Nicholas.

How's Your Liver?
The old who replied when asked how his liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for his amiability. Promethium, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Promethium, there was no escape but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

E. J. Riley, a young attorney of Henry, and Master in Chancery for Marshall Co., was absconded, being a defaulter in the sum of about \$1,600. He had in his hands this sum of money belonging to an estate, and when called upon to report at the June term he asked for time, which was granted and still more time was given, until June 18th, when, knowing he could not produce the money he skipped. High living, and dissipation, it is said, are the causes of his trouble.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by D. Lorillard.

The Morris firemen returned from Ottawa on the Fourth with flying colors. They captured the hose coupling, hose cart, and ladder climbing prizes, amounting to \$65 in all. This amount goes into the general fund—that is, it was generally distributed among those who went to Ottawa. They reaffirm that "Ottawa knows how to treat you well."—Morris Independent.

The Verdict Unanimous.
W. S. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at D. Lorillard's Drug Store.

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NOTICE.—ESTATE OF TIMOTHY GAHAN, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the will annexed of the Estate of Timothy Gahan, late of the county of LaSalle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the third Monday (being the 26th day of August, 1893, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, Ill., in said county, where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment. Dated this 20th day of June, A. D. 1893.

BRIDGET GAHAN,
Administrator.

NOTICE.—ESTATE OF MARY FITZGERALD, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Fitzgerald, late of the county of LaSalle and state of Illinois, deceased, will appear before the Probate Court of said county on the first Monday (being the 6th day of August, 1893, at the Probate Court Room, in Ottawa, Ill., in said county, where all persons having claims or demands against said estate are notified to attend and present the same in writing for adjustment. Dated this 31st day of July, A. D. 1893.

MARY FITZGERALD,
Executor.

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MARY FITZGERALD,
Executor.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for growning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he won't use Athlo-phors, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. Sometimes the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlo-phors gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use, and am now well."

Rev. S. H. TROYER, New Albany, Ind.

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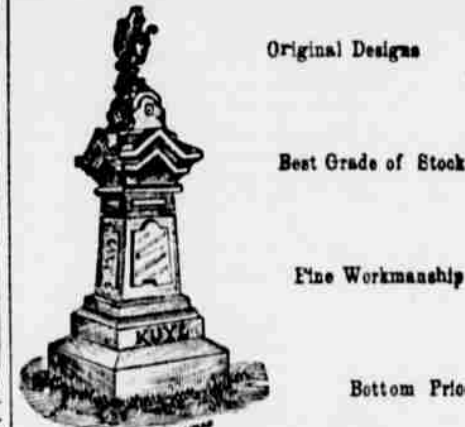
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Combination Wire and
Picket Fence.

It is composed of ten No. 12 steel galvanized wire, forty-eight pickets to the rod. The pickets are four feet long, one end and a half inches wide and five eighths of an inch thick, woven together. It forms

The Most Complete and Durable
Fence Ever Produced.

IT WILL TURN EVERYTHING,

From a half grown chicken to a full-blown Durham; and there is no possible chance for stock to be injured by the fence. As to durability,

It will Out-last Two Ordinary
Board Fences.

And the original cost is much less than board fence.

I have manufactured this fence in a small way for two years, and it has given entire satisfaction in every case. It is no longer an experiment.

Everybody Acknowledges Its Superiority
Over All Other Fences.

I am now prepared to furnish it in large or small quantities, rough or planed. Can ship to any point in country. Call at corner Superior and Fulton streets and see for yourselves, or address

H. C. KING,
April 25-61nc
Ottawa, Ill.

HORSES WANTED.

The undersigned, having purchased the property known as the Moody Feed Yard, are prepared at all times to buy and sell good market Horses.

We also have at all times the trotting stallion RIFON GOLDUST.
Patrons of the yard will receive the same prompt attention as elsewhere.

S. B. & W. keep for sale many fine horses for sale for all purposes which horses are subject to. They are the cheapest and best in use.

Board and Feed Stable.
I have leased the Barn in front of White's Hotel (known as the Ball Yard), and have good, warm stables to take horses by the day or week, and guarantee satisfaction. ACP one that has horses to board would do well to call and see me. Strangers coming to Ottawa will find the best of accommodations and are taken of their stock. Teams can be gotten from the barn at any hour of day or night. Mr. Brown would like to have his friends call and see him, and he will endeavor to give them satisfaction.

R. K. BROWN,
decid-11
Proprietor.

LUMBER.

The undersigned having purchased the stock and interest of W. W. Cash in the North LaSalle Street Lumber Yard, we offer

750,000 ft. Lumber,
450,000 Shingles,
75,000 Lath,
Together with a large assortment of Posts, etc.,
AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

We also offer a carload Steel Nails, House Hardware, etc., at the lowest possible prices.

Our purpose is to continue the lumber business at the old stand as heretofore, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of the patronage hitherto given to the old firm.

Our manufacturing facilities for Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding and Sash Work are not surpassed by any other house in the State. Give us a call.

THOS. & HUGH COLWELL,
Contractors and Builders, Lumber Dealers,
appt
OTTAWA, ILLINOIS.